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#3

COVER BY
RENATO GUEDES

BLACK WHITE & BLOODSHOT®

PROJECT RISING SPIRIT

Leaders in Weapons Upgrades. Organization overview.

History

- Founded in 1850 as Rising Spirit Securities, it has been a major player in nearly every major conflict, skirmish, police action and war waged for the past century and a half, profiting in all of them, often from both sides.

- In the 1960's, R.S.S. clashed with powerful corporate magnate and inventor Toyo Harada when they attempted to buy his psiot activation technology.

- In the wake of releasing a virulent strain of nanites on the civilian population, P.R.S. was dismantled in 2017, with all of its assets secretly collected by the Scarred Man to relaunch under the control of OMEN.

After they failed to catch Bloodshot, Project Omen was shut down by the secretive Black Bar, and the United States Government reestablished P.R.S.

Notable Personnel

- Leopold Carter: Former director. An activated psiot able to manipulate space and time itself.

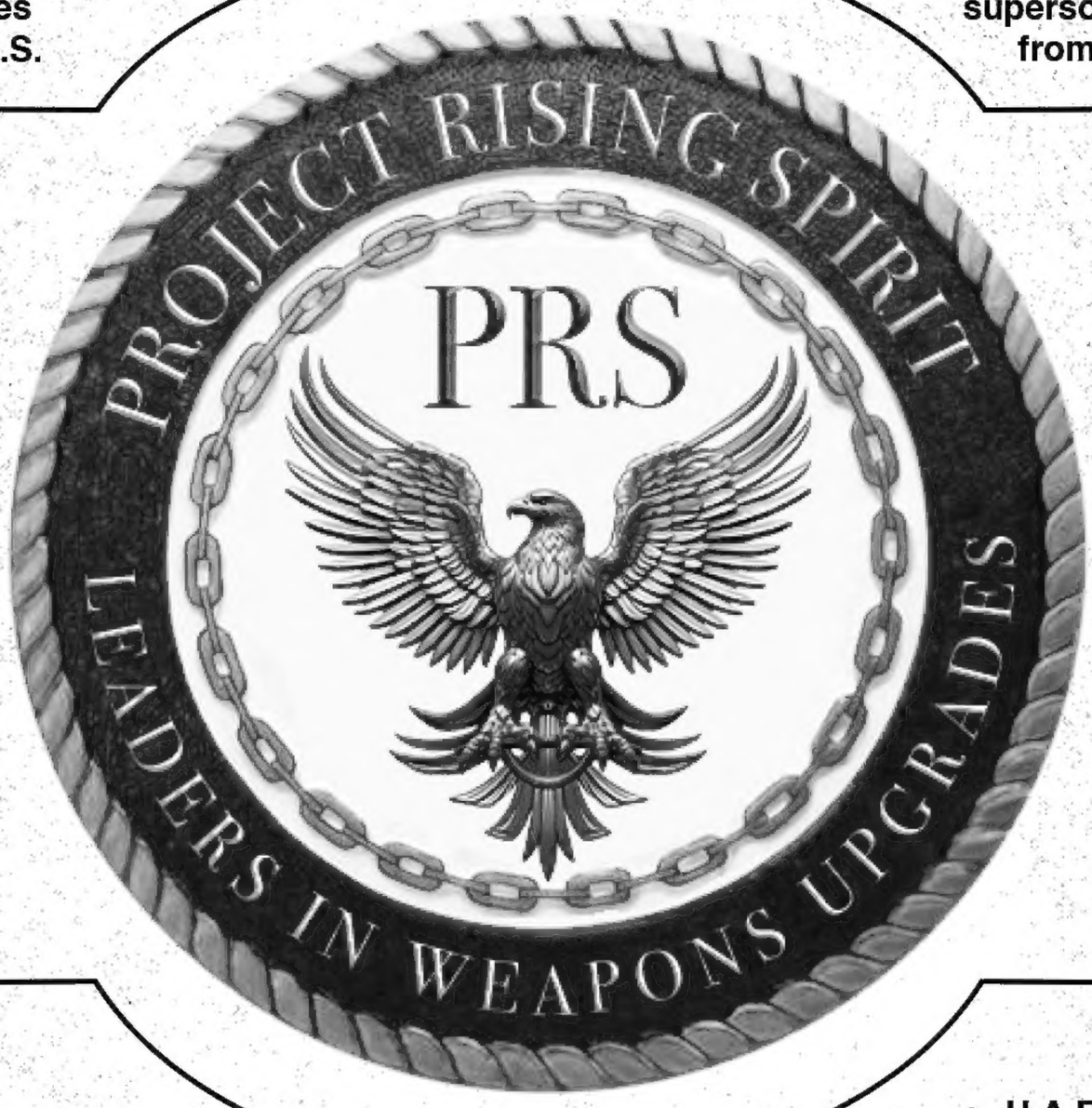
- Dr. Olga Strauss: Instrumental in creating Bloodshot's false memories.

- Dr. Emmanuel Kuretich: Project Bloodshot scientist. Bloodshot's rogue handler in the employ of Toyo Harada. Died during the Harbinger Wars conflict in Las Vegas.

- Morris Kozol: Former CEO. Assumed control of the project following the Harbinger Wars until killed by Deathmate in New York.

- The Scarred Man: Director of OMEN. The brother of Rampage (nanite-enhanced supersoldier), pulled OMEN together from the wreckage of P.R.S.

Insignia



Bloodshot

- Ray Garrison: A soldier killed in battle, P.R.S. turned him into a nearly indestructible killing machine powered by billions of nanites living in his bloodstream. He was brainwashed, routinely provided with false memories of having a family to keep him motivated, and sent on hundreds of brutal black-ops missions. After breaking free of P.R.S.'s control, he met Magic, who later became his wife, and together they had a kid, Jessie, who inherited Ray's nanite-enhanced bloodstream.

- Bloodshot Squad: Group formed on Bloodshot Island.
  - Tank Man: soldier from World War II (real name: Winston Grover)
  - Viet Man: veteran of Vietnam (real name: Dell Palmer)
  - Cold Man: former soldier and KGB spy (real name: ???)
  - Quiet Man: served during the Gulf War (real name: ???)

Other Projects

- H.A.R.D. Corps: Harbinger Active Resistance Division. The program was created by P.R.S. to contain the growing psiot threat. Ordinary people implanted with wetware cybernetic implants, the team is able to download an array of psionic abilities. Even when the technology was miniaturized in the 90s, only a small percentage of the population can withstand the process.

- Deathmate: While she was the Geomancer, a mystic in service to the Earth, Kay McHenry managed to extract all the nanites from Ray Garrison's body. Killed by the Immortal Enemy, P.R.S. took her body and turned her into the powerful, nanite-fueled creature codenamed Deathmate. On Bloodshot Island, they made her attack the Bloodshots daily to test her capabilities.

- Spent Shells: Experiments to create supersoldiers that were incarcerated in The Dump when they were deemed too dangerous by the government.

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PREDATORS

SCRIPT: TOM WORTLEY
ART & LETTERING: GABRIEL KIKOT
EDITOR: MATIAS TIMARCHI

WHERE THE HELL IS THIS GUY?

DEAD END

WOLF, CAN YOU SMELL HIM?

MMH...

:SNIF:

DEAD END

MY DOSE...

ACK!

HE BDOKE MY DUCKING DOSE!

KILL HIM...

CALM DOWN! WE'RE PREDATORS, NOT AMATEURS.

KILL HIM...

KILL HIM...

KILL HIM!

WOLF, WAIT!

I THOUGHT HE WAS RUNNING AWAY, BUT HE LURED US HERE.

DOESN'T MATTER. WE'LL COLLECT THE BODY AFTER WOLF FINISHES WITH IT.

I HOPE THERE'S FEWER PIECES THIS TIME...

AAAAAGH!

ORCA, CROC! GO HELP WOLF.

AND STAY TOGETHER!

WOLF, WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?

WOLF?

AAAHHHHH!

STAY PUT. COULD BE A TRAP.

HELP...

WATER...

ORCA IS DEAD...

WHERE'S CROC?

HE GOT HIM.

WHO IS THIS GUY?

DEAD END

I THINK I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS GUY... I KNOW HOW HE HUNTS.

IF YOU HAD INTEL WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY ANYTHING?

I THOUGHT THEY WERE JUST RUMORS...

I'M STARTING TO BELIEVE THEY WERE TRUE.

"THEY SAY, HE'LL FIRST TAKE YOU TO UNFAMILIAR TERRITORY."

WOLF, CAN YOU SMELL HIM?

ACK!

"AND THEN DISABLE ANY TRACKER YOUR TEAM HAS."

AAAAGH!

"HE'LL WAIT UNTIL THE GROUP SPLITS UP."

WOLF?

CRACK!

"IT DOESN'T MATTER IF THERE'S MORE THAN ONE LOOKING FOR HIM.

"HE'S TOUGH.

"HE CAN EVEN LET YOU HURT HIM..."

AAAHHH!

HELP...

W...M...

"JUST TO GET YOU CLOSE ENOUGH."

AND THE WORST THING IS...

HE DISABLES THE TRACKER FIRST FOR A REASON.

IT'S BECAUSE HE CAN LOOK LIKE *ANYBODY*.

FUCK!

AAAHHG!

WHY...

WHY DID YOU TELL ME ALL THAT?

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY...

TRACK!

"SOMETIMES EVEN PREDATORS LIKE TO PLAY WITH THEIR FOOD."

DEAD END

THE END

Art by
DEXTER SOY

WELL DONE, MY BOY.

YOU'RE THE PRIDE OF PROJECT RISING SPIRIT.

I WAS JUST OBEYING ORDERS.

BUT THIS TIME THEY WENT TOO FAR.

I TRIED TO ERASE THE KID'S EYES...

...FROM MY MIND.

THERE WAS PEACE...FOR A SECOND OR TWO.

BUT THE PAIN CAME BACK...

...AS THE NANITES REBUILT MY NEURONS.

I HAD TO GET AWAY...

THE FATALITY OF EVIL

BY FERNANDO DAGNINO
DIALOGUES EDITOR ANDREW SCOTT
LETTERER MARTIN CASANOVA
EDITOR MATIAS TIMARCHI

...FAR AWAY.

KAMCHATKA.

I SPENT THE NEXT YEAR IN A STATE OF FROZEN DRUNKENNESS, BUT...

VODKA

БОЯ

I SOON FOUND OUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE WAR OUT OF THE BOY.

I CHOSE TO OPPOSE THE LEAST.

GRRR!!

CRACK!!

NEXT!

UNTIL...

"I KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN CURE YOUR CURSE..." SHE SAID.

"UP IN THE MOUNTAINS."

"LOOK FOR A GHOST VILLAGE NEAR THE OLD SOVIET BASE."

"THERE'S A SHAMANESS..."

THE VILLAGERS ARE STRANGE BUT PEACEFUL.

HER NAME WAS K'EKUBA.

SHE SAID SHE COULD CLEAN MY BLOOD.

SO I COULD FIND SOME PEACE OF MIND...

...WHEN I DIE ONCE AND FOR ALL.

IT WOULD TAKE DAYS OF UNBEARABLE PAIN...

THE NANOBOTS HAD TO FIGHT BACK.

INSIDE OF ME THERE WAS A WAR TO END ALL WARS.

I LISTENED TO HER, EVERY FEVERISH NIGHT.

THE KUBINS WERE DISSIDENTS.

THEY WERE BEING HUNTED DOWN AND MURDERED ON THEIR HOME PLANET.

SO THEY HAD TO LEAVE.

AND THEY FOUND A NEW HOME HERE.

THEY WERE THANKFUL. AND WANTED TO HELP ME...

...TO END THE WAR THAT FOLLOWS ME.

TARGET FOUND!

FSB, MOSCOW.

<KAMCHATKA BASE. SUBLEVEL TWO. DETECTION OF THERMAL ACTIVITY.>

<UNDERSTOOD.>

<ACTIVATE ILYONA.>

LAKE EL'GYGYTGYN, SIBERIA.

MIKHAIL THOUGHT HE WOULD NEVER FEEL THE THRILL OF A KISS EVER AGAIN, NOT AFTER THAT CANCER HAD TAKEN HIS WIFE AWAY FROM HIM.

BUT MIRACULOUSLY HE FOUND HER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREST, FROSTBITTEN. HE TOOK HER HOME.

EVER SINCE, ILYONA COOKED FOR HIM, BROUGHT UP HIS CHILDREN, AND LOVED HIM, WITH NEVER A SIDEWAYS LOOK.

<HONEY, THE DINNER?>

<WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?>

<I'M GOING WITH MY SISTERS.>

<MATRYOSHKA ACTIVATED. REQUESTING CARRIER.>

<CONSIDER THIS A DIVORCE.>

KAMCHATKA.

INSIDE ME, THE NANITES WERE FINALLY STARTING TO STRUGGLE.

IN THIS GLIMPSE OF PEACE, I COULD FEEL THE END OF IT ALL.

THE VILLAGE IS UNDER ATTACK!

THEN...I WAKE UP IN THE MIDDLE OF A NIGHTMARE.

KILL THEM ALL!

ABORT THE PROCESS. K'EKUBA!!

THEY'RE AFTER ME. YOU DON'T DESERVE TO DIE.

DO IT!

I ACCEPT MY CURSE...

LEAVE ME, MY SISTERS!!

FIND BLOODSHOT! MAKE SURE HE NEVER FORGETS THE NAME OF...

...SISTERS MATRYOSHKA!

THIS IS MY CURSE. I EMBRACE IT.

IT'S ME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!

LEAVE THEM ALONE!

HOLD IT THERE, SISTER.

I'M A HARBINGER OF DEATH.

MY BLOOD IS CORRUPTED WITH YOU NANITES.

NOW DO YOUR BLOODY WORK.

K'EKUBA, RUN TO THE MOUNTAINS FAST. I WILL HOLD THEM HERE.

SUDDENLY...

...AN ECHO OF PEACE.

SUCH HEROIC MANLINESS DESERVES A HAPPY ENDING.

DOESN'T IT, SISTERS?

KRAK!

ZAAS

CHOOK

DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY...

FWOOSH

I'M JUST OBEYING ORDERS.

IN FACT, I LIKE WEAK MEN.

SLIRR

<TARGET ELIMINATED.>

<UNDERSTOOD.>

RISING SPIRIT, PACKAGE DELIVERED.

WELL DONE!

"OUR BOY IS BACK!"

THE END.

A THOUGHT *FRIES* IN HIS *SKULL*, BENEATH THE HEAT OF THE BLOOD RED SUN:

HOW THE HELL DID HE GET HERE?

A TIP FROM HIS *LEAST-FAVORITE* CIA INSIDER.

A LEAD ON A NEW *T.O.T.E.M.* OPERATION.

T.O.T.E.M.: A BIO-SOLDIER MERC PROGRAM THAT'S BEEN CYBER-AUGMENTING *PSYCHOS* AND SETTING THEM LOOSE ON THE WORLD.

SAME SHIT, DIFFERENT ACRONYM...

THIS BASTARD'S CALLED *THE MERCURIAN.*

AND *BLOODSHOT* NEEDS TO BE DOWN *THERE.*

BUT HE'S UP *HERE.*

ON THE PLATEAU OF *MOUNT DESMONO*-- APPROX. HEIGHT: 7,000 FT.

SO HE JUMPS--

JUMP

Script: David Baillie
Art: João Azeitona
Lettering: Martin Casanova
Editor: Matias Timarchi

Thirty minutes ago...

HE'S TRACKED *THE MERCURIAN* HERE--TO A TROOP CARRIER ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER, NEAR ITS OUTFLOW TO THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

LIKE T.O.T.E.M.'S OTHER SUBJECTS, THIS GUY IS TOO ***DANGEROUS*** TO LEAVE WALKING THE EARTH.

INTEL SUGGESTS THE MERCURIAN HAS MET WITH AGENTS FROM *THREE* UNHINGED ROGUE STATES IN THE LAST 48 HOURS.

SNAP!

CASH FOR BLOOD--AND *LOTS* OF BOTH.

WHAT THE--

HEEELLLL!

THUD

BIG BOAT. ROOM FOR LOTS OF *HIRED HELP*.

HE HOPES HE ISN'T GOING TO MEET *ALL* OF THEM!

...

WHAT THE HELL IS SHE DOING ON A *MERC SHIP* THAT'S ABOUT TO GO TO *WAR?*

HAVE THE SOLDIERS BROUGHT THEIR *FAMILIES* WITH THEM?!

HE THINKS *FAST.*

...WHAT COLOR HAIR DOES YOUR DADDY HAVE?

TEN SECONDS UNTIL THE NEXT WAVE OF BAD GUYS ARRIVE.

...RED.

HE EMPLOYS *NON-LETHAL* FORCE ON ANYONE WITH EVEN *VAGUELY* RED HAIR.

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

A COUPLE OF *LIGHT BROWNS* SURVIVE BECAUSE OF THE GIRL.

DON'T WORRY...

...I WON'T KILL *HIM.*

HE *DOUBTS* THEY'LL THANK HER.

RATHER THAN RUNNING, HE *STAYS* AND FIGHTS--WAITING FOR THE *INEVITABLE*.

THERE'S NO WAY A *BILLION DOLLAR CYBORG* WILL HIDE IN THE LOWER DECKS WHILE *THIS* IS HAPPENING, RIGHT?

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

AND SURE ENOUGH--

BAM!

BAM! BAM!

I BET YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD DO THIS *QUIETLY*. KILL ME IN MY SLEEP?

IDIOT!

BAM!

BLOODSHOT DIDN'T COME THIS FAR, TAKE THIS MANY *BULLETS*...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

TO LET THE MERCURIAN GET AWAY SO EASILY--

BAM!

BAM!

BLUMM

THUMPPB!

BAM!

HIS BLOOD BOILS WHEN HE SEES *HER FACE.*

BAM!

BAM!

HE'LL BRING DOWN THE CHOPPER. CLIMB INSIDE. *RIP OFF* THE MERCURIAN'S HEAD.

DAMN IT!

KLANG!

T.O.T.E.M. HAVE DEVELOPED--

BAM!

--TELEPORTATION TECH!

BAM!

BUT, OF COURSE, AS SOON AS BLOODSHOT *HITS* THE PLATEAU--

BAM!

AND THE BASTARD IS STILL *LAUGHING.*

THE *MERCURIAN* HAS ALREADY JUMPED.

OUT OF *REACH.* AND ALL THE WAY DOWN THERE...

SO HE JUMPS--

POW!

RIGHT ANTERIOR DELTOID.

POW!

BOTH FLEXOR DIGITORUM SUPERFICIALIS *AND* PROFUNDUS...

THE *THENARS*. THE FEEDER COMPLEX AT THE BOTTOM OF HIS RIGHT BICEP.

THUD!

HA!HA!HA!HA!

WITH EVERY *BOUNCE* HE FOCUSES ON THE BONES, MUSCLES AND TENDONS HE NEEDS TO *PROTECT*.

YOU WOULD DO THIS TO YOURSELF...*TO SAVE A CHILD?*

ARMOR PIERCING. ONE SHOT.

IT'S ALL HE NEEDS.

BAM!

AAAH!

THROUGH MANGLED LIPS AND JAW, BLOODSHOT TRIES TO *CALM* HER--

JUST... JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE, KID..

I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE.. SOMEWHERE *SAFE*. JUST AS SOON AS I CAN *WALK* AGAIN.

PADDY!

END.

Now. 23°04'47"N 12°36'44"E.

MONSTER

script: Rodolfo Santullo
art: Sebastian Navas
lettering: Martin Casanova
editor: Matias Timarchi

Earlier.

IT GETS TO A POINT WHERE THIS SITUATION HAS REPEATED ITSELF SO MANY TIMES THAT EVEN I GET CONFUSED.

IT'S EITHER SOME ARMED WING OF A REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT, INTERNATIONAL TERRORISTS, OR MERCENARIES HIRED BY SOME WARLORD.

KILL HIM! FINISH OFF THIS DAMN MONSTER!

WHO KNOWS AT THIS POINT? THEY SHOOT AT ME, AND I SHOOT AT THEM. THAT'S THE ONLY THING I'M SURE OF.

AND THE OTHER THING I'M SURE OF IS THAT IT'S NEVER A GOOD IDEA TO START SHOOTING ON A PLANE...

THERE'S USUALLY ONLY ONE OUTCOME WHEN EVERYTHING BLOWS UP.

AND IT'S THAT GRAVITY...

...CONFIRMS ITS INDEFINABILITY.

NNNNG...

THE NANITES SPRING INTO ACTION IMMEDIATELY AND STOP THE INTERNAL BLEEDING. I CAN FEEL THEM CRAWLING, REBUILDING ORGANS, TISSUES, FLESH.

IT'S WORSE FOR THE OTHERS, WHO ARE ALREADY BEYOND PAIN, DAMAGE, EVERYTHING.

AAAARGH!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF MONSTER YOU ARE...

...BUT I'M GOING TO RID THE WORLD OF YOUR EXISTENCE!

OOOH...

BARELY MORE THAN A KID. 18 OR 19 YEARS OLD.

HE REMINDS ME THAT I ONCE HAD A SON TOO. OR AT LEAST, I THINK SO.

I DON'T ALWAYS REMEMBER EVERYTHING.

LEAVING HIM HERE IS THE SAME AS KILLING HIM. IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, SURE. BUT NOW, DEFENSELESS...

TWO DAYS OF WALKING. THE NANITES ARE STARTING TO ASK FOR PROTEIN.

THEY'VE COMPENSATED FOR MY INJURIES AND ARE HYDRATING MY BODY, BUT THAT HAS A LIMIT.

WHO...DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING? ARE YOU GOING TO... SAVE ME?

LET ME GO! YOU'RE A... MONSTER!

BUT MY BIGGEST PROBLEM ISN'T GOING TO BE THE LACK OF FOOD...

IN A FEW HOURS, I'LL BE COMPLETELY DEHYDRATED.

AND THEN, CIRCULATORY SHOCK, MY KIDNEYS WILL FAIL, AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE ANOTHER STEP.

AND THERE WON'T BE ANY WAY FOR THE NANITES TO COMPENSATE FOR THAT.

80 HOURS WITHOUT STOPPING.

THE NANITES HAVE STARTED TO CONSUME ME TO KEEP ME GOING.

A VICIOUS CYCLE. LIKE DRINKING YOUR OWN URINE.

LEAVE ME... LEAVE ME...

IT'S USELESS...

I'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE THEM.

TRY TO SAVE YOURSELF...

HUH?

WE'RE SAVED... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...

WE'RE SAVED!

WAIT... PLEASE WAIT...

ALL THAT...WHAT I SAID TO YOU...THAT YOU WERE A MONSTER. YOU'RE NOT.

YOU HAD MERCY. YOU HAD COMPASSION. YOU'RE A MAN.

I KNOW I'M A MAN. DO YOU THINK I NEED SOMEONE LIKE YOU TO PROVE IT?

I'M A MAN, BUT I'M NOT NAIVE. I WANTED TO MAKE SURE I GOT HERE.

AND WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH SAVING ME?

I COULD'VE ALWAYS EATEN YOU IF THINGS GOT REALLY COMPLICATED...

The End.

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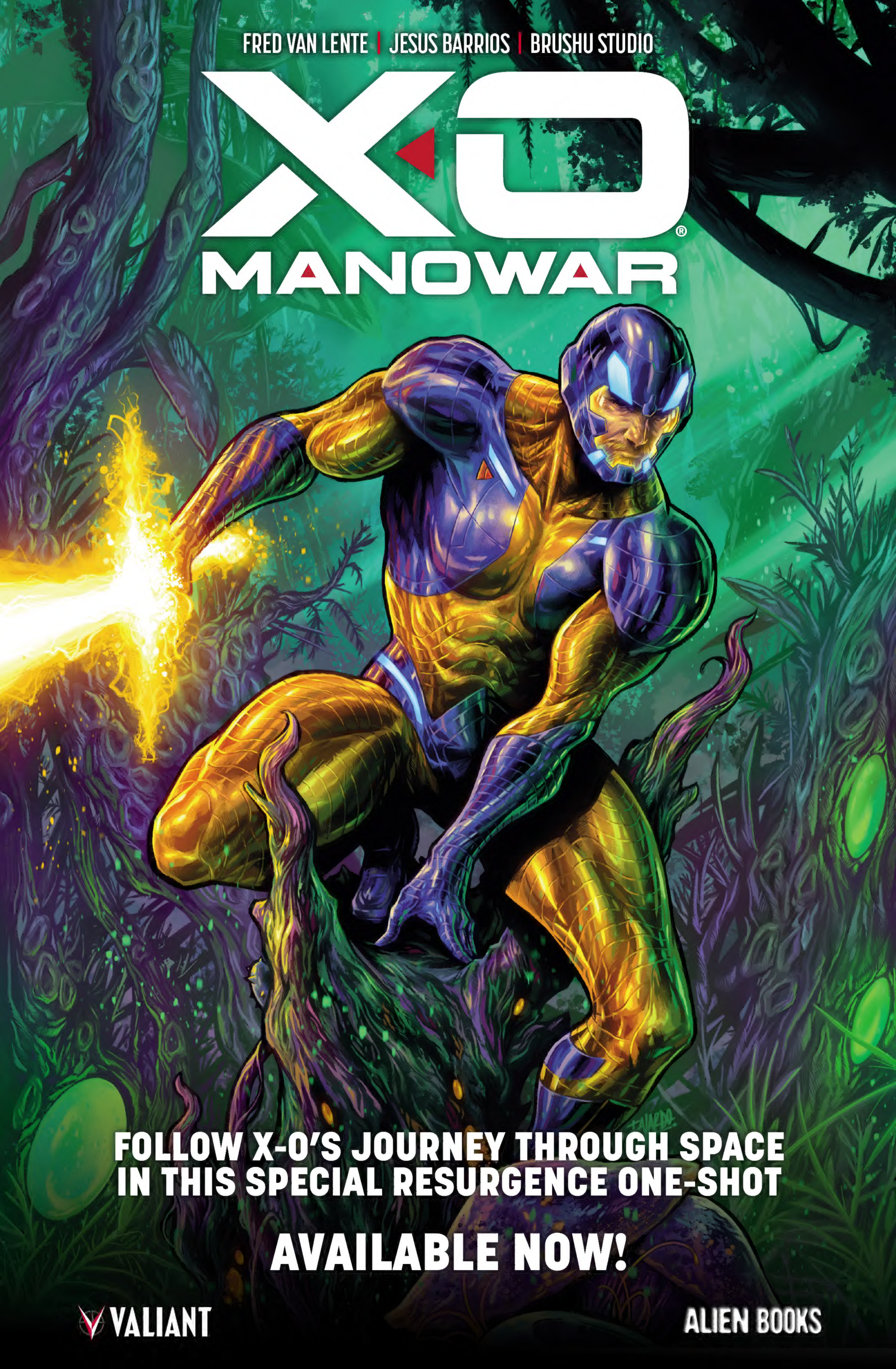

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